Strephon and Clea:

OR,

Love in its Prime:

BEING

The Happy Shepherd and Lovely Nymph:

The timourous Nymph at last does yield to Love,
And finds it next to Joys Incence above,
The only Sollace of the Soul, such Joys,
Flowing from thence, as all sad Care Destroys:
Long in kind Strephons *Arms she panting lay,*
'Twixt Sighs and Smiles, well pleased with wanton play:
Till both to feed their Bleating Flocks do rise,
Not tyr'd with love, for Lovers that ne'r Cloys:

To a pleasant New Tune Us'd at the play-House.

LOvely and Charming Clea lay,
transported in her dear Strephons Arms,
With languishing Eyes, she dying lies,
with melting Lips, and with sucking charms:
Clinging close to embraces, and dying,
short breath and sigh, with a Rapture, she said,
O Dear, I dye, my Soul you'l undo me,
[illegible] harmless Maid?
Ah! lovely Clea, Strephon crys,
our Souls shall no unkindness meet,
Nothing was ever more Divine,
mortal Rapture's not more sweet:
Thus they did often melt in Kisses,
with such delightful and ravishing Charms,
Till they quite tyred with pleasures and Blisses,
fell fast asleep in each others arms.

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Where Paradise Dreams did them possess,
and joyes far more then can be told,
In love there is such great Happiness,
as cannot be purchas'd with Gold:
The envying Nymps did flock to view,
them clasped beneath a Mirtle Shade,
And wished that they such Pleasures knew,
as these at Venus Alter paid.

Then Clea open'd her bright Eyes,
and finding her self in Strephons Arms,
Sent up her Blushes to the Skies,
and wakes him with her Gentle Charms,
Who starting, blames his Drousie Love,
and then his kind Devotion paid,
While she sigh'd by the Powers above,
Why will you ruine a harmless Maid.

Yet willing to enjoy such Bliss,
a pleasing sign flush'd in her Face,
And with her Sighs she mixt a Kiss,
which bid him silently Embrace:
Whilst panting on her breast he lay,
those Ivory Hills where Cupid's stay'd,
To wing his Shafts, she thus did say,
Why will you ruine a harmless Maid?

But smiling still she dar'd him on,
to Combat in Loves pleasing Field,
Whilst phebus Steeds their Course did run,
and warbling Birds their Musick yield:
Who on each bough did Tune their joyes,
with amorous Ditty through the Shade,
To chear the Lovers, while still she cryes,
why will you ruine a harmless Maid.

Then rising with her in his Arms,
they pass unto the purling Stream,
And there with Kissing, revive their Charms,
more pleasing then a Virgin Dream:
Half smiling then, alas, she sigh'd,
why? ever was I of Love afraid?
To thee my Love I cannot hide,
Though it may ruine a harmless Maid.

Fear not my Joy, the Shepherd then,
to his fair Clea soon reply'd,
Thou seem'st far lovelier now, then when
thou wert in all thy Virgin Pride:
To feed our Flocks let us repair,
and henceforth let all sorrow fade,
'Tis thou shalt be my only Care,
And i le not ruine a harmless Maid.

Hark how the tender Lambs do bleat,
thou shalt my Queen and Mistris be,
And on thy Smiles i'le ever wait,
in Love and pleasure we'l live free:
And feed our Flocks within this Grove,
whilst to thy Eyes Devotion's paid,
At which she sigh'd, by the God of Love,
If you'l not ruine a harmless Maid.

I'le yield my self unto your trust,
and Clea shall be ever thine,
Fear not my Goddess, i'le be just,
to love thee ever's my Design:
Soon they went with Mirtle Crown'd;
to feed their bleating Flocks that stay'd,
And lib'd in Love while she lost the sound,
why will you ruine a harmless Maid?

FINIS.

Pointed for *P. Brooksby*, at the Golden Ball, near the Hospital gate, in *West-Smithfield.*